

My Hand In Yours by EmeraldTulip

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: 5+1 Things, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Angst with a Happy Ending, Canon Compliant, Gen, Happy Ending, M/M, Mild Language, Slow Romance, i needed to post quick before we learn anything else and it gets disproved, idk I just wanted to try my hand at it, it follows what we know of the story so far pretty well

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Dustin Henderson & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Eleven, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Five times Will held Mike's hand and one time he really knew what it meant.

My Hand In Yours

Author's Note:

hi again, stranger things fandom. i was going to publish a mileven thing but i decided to hold off to make it better and publish this byeler thing instead. the summary explains it all. i tried to be historically accurate, please point out my mistakes. a timeline will be at the end for anyone who needs it.

(slight tw: the word 'queer' is used as a derogatory term once during the third segment by a not-nice character)

(read the last two tags)

enjoy!

I.

“Will!”

His friends spilled in the doorway to his hospital room, and he felt his face light up despite the pain in his chest and stomach, the strong and overwhelming smell of antiseptic, and the tubes snaking around him. Dustin and Lucas looked rumpled and vaguely tired, like they'd been sleeping while waiting to be able to visit. Mike, on the other hand, looked like he hadn't slept in days. But Mike, smiling one of his biggest smiles of all time, barreled right into his arms and buried his head into Will's chest. Will felt the air leave his lungs, and it did hurt a little, but he didn't care because he was home and this was *Mike*.

“Byers!” Mike laughed brightly, Lucas tumbling after him. Dustin pulled the other two boys off of Will so he could hug him himself. Jonathan chided them as he and Nancy walked in, telling them to go easy on him, but he saw him beaming and knew he wasn't really mad, even if he did launch into a coughing fit as they told him about his funeral, Jennifer, and Troy.

“You okay?” Mike asked, nudging him cautiously as he regained his breath. Will stared up at him, slightly breathless, as he tried to figure out how to respond.

“It got me,” he said finally. “The Demogorgon.” He didn’t know how else to explain himself—the seven, he rolled a seven, and then the monster got him.

But Mike understood, because all he said was, “We know.” He grinned weakly, a dark curtain dropping down behind his eyes, Will’s own gaze tracking his face. “But it’s okay. It’s dead. We made a new friend. She stopped it. She saved us. But she’s gone now.” He stopped, biting his cheek.

Dustin took over. “Her name’s Eleven.”

Will frowned. “Like the number?” Because that was weird, but it also rang a bell.

“Well, we call her ‘El’ for short,” Lucas said fondly.

“She’s basically a wizard,” Dustin continued, eyes wide for dramatic effect.

Lucas grinned. “She has superpowers.”

“More like a Yoda,” Mike corrected Dustin.

“She flipped a van with her mind and these agents were trying to shoot us—”

“Yeah, it flipped over us—!”

“Then she squeezed the brains out and blood was pouring out of their faces...”

Will took it all in as they continued regaling him with stories of Eleven, eventually sorting themselves out into a proper storyline. To be honest, it was crazy, but not any more crazy than his past week. And when their parents came to collect them, they all fought to stay, saying they had more to tell him and that they couldn’t leave because *Mom, it’s Will!*

The argument only worked on Karen, and that was mostly because of Mike's *slight* guilt-tripping and Nancy's promise to stay there with Jonathan.

"It'll be fine, Mom," Will heard her tell Mrs. Wheeler after the Hendersons and Sinclairs had left. "I'll be with Mike the whole time. Besides, you know that... *thing*... is gone."

"I know Michael will be okay," Mrs. Wheeler replied, and next to him, Mike started into full awareness and consciousness when he heard his full name. "It's *you*, Nancy. With Barbara and everything—"

Nancy's voice adopted a sharp edge. "I'm *fine*, Mom. Seriously, it's fine. I'll call you in the morning. Go make sure Holly and Dad are okay."

"What happened to Nancy?" he asked Mike as Mrs. Wheeler's voice faded.

Mike looked down at him, brow furrowed. "The Demogorgon got Barb, too. But unlike you, she's not okay."

Will knew Barb. She was sometimes over at the Wheeler's house while Mike was holding campaigns, and she had always been nice to them. "Oh," was all he could say.

Mike sent him a forced smile. "Yeah." He hesitated for a moment. "Do you want me to finish the story?"

"Of course," he replied. "You're the best storyteller I know."

Mike grinned, wrapping up the story with a few interjections from Jonathan and Nancy. He explained how they built the sensory deprivation tank to help El find him. He talked about Eleven killing the soldiers who were going to kill *them*, and how the Dr. Brenner guy from the labs had been attacked by the monster. He choked up as he described El pushing him back and vanishing. Dying.

When Nancy fell asleep in her chair, head on Jonathan's shoulder, they brought their conversation down to a whisper—Will asking about Eleven and Mike supplying answers. Sometimes those answers came easy, but more often, they didn't.

Jonathan crashed next, his own head lolling onto his chest as his breathing slowed. Will expected Mike to settle down to sleep, but he didn't.

Just as he was about to tell Mike that it was okay to rest, Mike turned it around on him. "Are you not tired?"

Will wanted to avoid the question, but he knew he couldn't, especially since he had Mike's undivided attention. "Of course I am. But I can't sleep. What about you?"

Mike gave him a look. "Says the boy who came back to life. No, really, I'm okay. It's been rough the past week, I can handle one more day."

They stayed like that for a few minutes until Will had to ask. "I had a funeral?"

"Yeah," Mike said sullenly. "Your plot is still there. Jennifer Hayes came."

"That's... nice, I guess," Will shrugged. "Good to know that people cared enough to come."

"Well, you're *not* dead, and I don't plan on attending your funeral again," Mike snapped suddenly.

"Whoa, Mikey," Will said defensively, reverting to Mike's childhood nickname in hopes of calming him. "I'm not planning on dying again anytime soon. I promise."

Mike visibly relaxed. "Sorry."

"Hey, it's fine," he assured. "Just... startled."

"I'm sorry," Mike repeated, insistent. "I just... when they pulled your 'body' out of the lake, I couldn't believe it. I didn't know what to do. And Troy..." he grit his teeth. "Troy said some nasty things about you at the assembly for you. He... he called you all these horrible things." Will didn't need to ask to know what words he meant; he'd heard it all before. "And he said he was glad you were dead."

“Mike,” Will said softly, shifting so he could look Mike in the eyes, grabbing one of Mike’s hands with the hand free of tubes. “I’m still here. Nothing can change that. And I’m alive thanks to *you*.”

Mike stared down at their hands, and Will suddenly flushed, going to pull away. Then Mike wove their fingers together and said, “It really wasn’t me.”

And Will knew what he meant: he wanted to say, *We’ll find her*, but he didn’t want to tell a lie so he just squeezed Mike’s hand a little harder.

II.

Will Byers had always felt weak.

Three days after Christmas, 1983, he still felt that way, but when Lucas said, “Guys, my cousin sent me the perfect movie to watch tonight!” and produced a copy of *Psycho (1&2)*, he made his decision.

Will Byers would not be weak ever again. Even if the only way he would prove it right now was by watching horror movies and not flinching. Unfortunately, his *ordeal* had made it impossible to get through even a half hour of *Star Wars* before the roaring of aliens overtook him. So a horror movie? No, the screaming itself did him in.

This time, however, he was determined. So thirty minutes later, he found himself bundled up in a sleeping bag in Mike’s basement trying not to tremble as the other three boys stared at the screen, glued to the inevitable jumpscare.

At one point, he let out the tiniest squeak—Dustin and Lucas didn’t react, so Will was sure they didn’t hear. But Mike, sitting next to him, gave him a concerned look.

I’m fine, he mouthed, forcing himself to stay calm. Mike looked at him suspiciously for a moment longer before turning back to the screen.

Not ten minutes later, Will was suffocating in his sleeping bag, it suddenly feeling as stringy and sticky as the goo of the Upside Down.

He clamped his mouth shut to shut in his terrified noises, but he shook against Mike's side.

"Will," Mike said quietly, head dipping down toward Will's ear so his words didn't go unheard. "You're not okay." But he didn't say anything to Lucas and Dustin, because he seemed to understand that Will wanted to do this.

Instead, Mike's hand found the zipper of his sleeping bag and pulled, loosening the grip on Will and freeing his hands.

"Thanks," he muttered, suddenly clamming up again when someone screamed on-screen.

Mike shot him a concerned look and grabbed his hand, reeling him in closer to the bundle the other three boys had inadvertently formed. He didn't release his hold on Will's hand.

Will suddenly found it simultaneously easier and harder to breathe.

III.

He came to on the ground, staring up at the sky. Squinting against the sun, he was relieved when a figure stood above him and blocked the light. Then his heart plummeted when he realized who it was.

"Come look at the undead freak!" Troy shouted, kicking him in the side and drawing people's attention. In moments, a small crowd surrounded them. "Look at the stupid queer, who *fainted*! For no reason whatsoever, too. That's pathetic."

Oh no, he realized. *Oh no oh no nonononono...*

Troy kicked him again, but Will couldn't even curl up against the brutality because his muscles still felt like lead, heavy and weighted down. Several people looked like they wanted to step forward—his family had garnered a fair amount of sympathy in the last year. No one actually helped, though, because everyone knew how Troy's fury had escalated since Mike (and El) had embarrassed him at the assembly. "Stop," Will croaked out. "*Stop.*"

He knew what was about to happen—for the last three months, every time he had blacked out, once he woke back up the same thing happened. But it had never happened at school before. Once in front of his mom and his friends, but never in front of *everyone*.

“Troy, stop, *please*,” he insisted, regaining feeling in his hands.

“And the Boy Who Came Back To Life has been reduced to begging!” Troy laughed, nudging him with a toe. “How does that feel? Not so immortal now, huh? No weirdo girl to protect you or the other freaks, either.”

“Will!” someone shouted, face out of his line of vision. Whoever it was made Troy smirk. “Get away from him, you bastard! Get out of here! Let me through!”

Will knew the voice.

“Look at that, Byers,” Troy laughed. “Your *boyfriend* is here to protect you—if he can get through the crowd, anyway. Don’t worry, though. I’m going to kill you first.”

Will felt a smile involuntarily spread across his face. “I was about to say the same thing.”

The world exploded, and Will’s vision turned red. Seconds—or was it hours?—later, his senses returned, sight dim and ears ringing as he hunched forward on his knees.

“Will!” he heard someone vaguely shout. *Mike*. “Will!” Mike finally broke through the crowd, which had been thrown into chaos by whatever Will had done. As the people dispersed, Mike appeared into his line of vision, heading right to him. Max appeared as well, but she stayed back, shooing people away.

Will expected Mike to hesitate, or to step back before touching him, especially considering he had been there when it had happened before and had seen how that turned out. But Mike didn’t do that. He dropped to his knees beside Will and grabbed his hands, wrapping around them and holding tight.

Looking up at Mike, Will saw all sorts of things in his eyes: shock,

hope, concern. No fear. No hate.

“Will, are you okay?” Mike let go of his hands for a moment to grab his shoulders, looking him over for injuries.

“I—yeah, I...” he trailed off. “Why aren’t you afraid?”

“Of you?” Mike grinned slightly, hands sliding down Will’s arms back to his hands. “Please. You’re my best friend, and no matter what you did to Troy, I know he deserved it.”

He shook his head. “I can’t control it, Mike. I can’t. I don’t know how she does it, I don’t know how I haven’t died yet, I *can’t*.”

Something alighted in Mike’s eyes at *she*, but he didn’t move away. If anything, he pressed even closer, pushing into Will’s personal space. “You *can*, Will. I know you can.”

A bubble of emotion was trapped in his chest—he couldn’t be sure which one, but it didn’t feel bad or wrong. So all he said was, “I’m trying, Mike. But I’m losing.” The bubble popped, leaving his chest empty and pressured. He wanted to win so badly. He wanted to live, to just be *normal* for once in his goddamn life. He could never be normal. His voice shook. “I’m losing.”

Mike shook his head adamantly. “I’m not losing you again, Will Byers. You promised me, remember?”

He stared up at him, pained. “I don’t know if I can keep that promise, Mike. I don’t know what’s happening, and I can’t stop it.”

“I broke a promise to El,” Mike said, squeezing his fingers. “You’re not breaking a promise to me. We’re going to figure this out. *I* promise.”

IV.

He woke up in a hospital.

“Hey, hey, bud,” Jonathan’s voice came from his right. “Easy. Do you remember what happened?”

“No,” he said.

“What do you last remember?” Jonathan pressed. When Will made an annoyed grumble, he tried, “This is important, Will. We have to make sure you don’t have brain damage.”

“I hate hospitals,” he muttered, shifting slightly. “Um. And I called you and Nancy and Steve because... because... I was with Mike and Lucas and Dustin and Max and...” His head suddenly snapped up, causing him to wince, but he shook it off. “El!”

The telekinetic girl was lying in a bed just a few feet to his right, Mike asleep in a chair between them. Her hair had grown out from her buzz cut enough to splay across her pillow. Her face was peaceful for once—no fear or confusion etched into her features. She looked pale, but otherwise okay.

“It’s been three days, and she hasn’t woken up yet,” Jonathan said quietly. “When you called me, we drove as fast as we could, but by the time we got there, the monster—”

“Thesselhydra.”

“—the Thesselhydra was gone and you two were passed out. Lucas tried CPR, because he apparently knows how to do that, while Dustin was his assistant, Max came to find us, and Mike just freaked out,” Jonathan explained quietly. “Nancy was able to do a little more once we got there, but you, uh... you died *twice* on the way to the hospital.”

“Ouch,” Will said rubbing the space between his heart and his collarbone. “Feels like it, to be honest. But what about El?”

Jonathan took a breath. “She’s fine—”

“Well she’s obviously not!” Will whisper-yelled, causing Mike to stir a little but not wake.

“Seriously, she’s totally fine. The doctors don’t know what’s wrong. She’s just not waking up. We think her powers have something to do with it, but we can’t exactly tell them that!” Jonathan exclaimed, and Mike stirred again.

They were quiet for a moment before Jonathan said, "Everyone else is outside: Lucas, Dustin, Max, Nancy, Steve. Our parents have been taking shifts watching us. I sent Mom home a few hours ago to get some sleep. There are only two or three visitors at a time, depending on the hours, but Mike has been here whenever he could." He sighed. "He hasn't been home since this happened—his mom tried to drag him out, literally, but he wouldn't go. I think he feels a little responsible, though for what exactly, Dustin and Lucas haven't been able to tell me."

"I... I need to think," Will said, voice faltering. "Jonathan... can I get a few minutes alone, maybe?"

"Yeah, of course," Jonathan nodded. "I can wake Mike, if you want, and get him out—"

"No, it's fine," Will replied. "From what you just said, he needs his sleep." Jonathan nodded, frowning slightly before leaving. Then Will did exactly what he had told Jonathan not to do, leaning over to Mike and shaking his shoulder. "Mike! Mike, wake up!"

Mike almost fell out of his chair, but steadied himself at the last moment. Then he met Will's gaze and jumped up. "You're awake!" His hands shot out but stopped at the last minute, like he was afraid to move the various tubes on Will's hands.

"No, no, help me up," he insisted, pulling all the tubes he could out.

Mike stepped back, eyes wide at his actions. "Whoa, Will, I seriously wouldn't—"

"I have to help El," he said. "I can fix her, I know I can."

"Will, wait," Mike stopped him. "Will this hurt you? If it will, I can't let you up."

Will fell silent, staring at Eleven. She looked so frail, nothing like what he had gotten used to in recent days.

He had to fix this.

"No, I'll be fine. Please, Mike."

Mike grabbed his hands and pulled him onto his feet, brushing away the wires tangling around Will. A rush of dizziness washed over him, but Mike's voice pulled him back. "Do your thing."

Sending out a mental probe, he reached out to her... and he got *feedback*, like there was too much empty space. He jolted. "Okay, I know what's wrong. Mike," he said, glancing back at him. "Did Eleven do anything *weird* while we were fighting the monster?"

"Other than throwing the thing around with her mind?" Mike laughed humorlessly. "No." He hesitated for a moment. "Well, actually... right at the end, she kind of pointed at you. Right after that, you disintegrated it and you both collapsed."

"That's why, then," he said to himself. Seeing Mike's confused look, he continued, "she must have *transferred* some of her powers to me, and she's too drained."

"But then why don't you have... I dunno, *extra* power?" Mike asked. "You were out for three days."

"Because I used the power to kill the monster," Will realized. He reached out a hand, pushing Mike's shoulder and urging him back. "And I also died twice. It's fine. I can do this."

"Will, I don't—"

Blocking out Mike's voice, Will closed his eyes, drawing energy from within. Holding out his hand, he let it hover over El's motionless figure for a minute before pushing his hand down, an invisible force stopping his palm about an inch above her. The lights flickered, and Will bit his lip. Then the lights turned out, and the connection broke. The lights flickered back on as he stumbled back, crashing into Mike's arms.

"Will!" Mike yelled, supporting him as he suddenly went limp.

"I think I did it," Will remarked drowsily, struggling to stand up on his own again.

Mike rolled his eyes. "Then why isn't she awake—*ah!*"

On cue, Eleven bolted upright, startling Mike. “Will,” she gasped, eyes frantic.

“I’m fine, El,” Will said sluggishly, regaining his footing as Mike grabbed his hand. “You did a really brave, really stupid thing, giving me your power.” He grinned. “Thank you.”

“He did give it back, though,” Mike said, regaining his composure and smiling at her.

“Mike,” she beamed back. “I’m happy you’re alive.”

Mike shook his head, and Will could see tears welling up in his eyes. “Likewise. I didn’t want to lose you again. Either of you.”

Then he squeezed Will’s hand, and Will felt like everything could be okay.

V.

“Goodnight, El,” Will called as he watched his sister (of two years, now!) walk inside. Lucas and Dustin left about an hour ago, wishing Will one last happy birthday before their parents drove them off. Max took off not long after, grabbing her skateboard and disappearing up the road.

“Yeah, night, El!” Mike added. The girl waved before closing the door, and then Mike turned to Will with an excited grin.

“I’m suddenly scared,” Will said jokingly. “You’ve got that look again.”

“I don’t have a *look*,” Mike protested, still smiling.

“Yes, you do,” Will insisted. “You get all smile-y and giggly and your eyebrow does this *thing*.” He poked Mike’s left eyebrow lightly. “You, Wheeler, have a look.”

“Fine,” Mike threw his hands up. “I have a look. But I also have a surprise. Let’s go.”

“Where are we going?” Will asked as Mike walked toward Castle Byers. “Not my own backyard, right? Because that’s not much of a surprise.”

“Ha ha, very funny,” Mike rolled his eyes. “I’m just grabbing my bike.”

“Oh, should I get mine?”

“No, that’ll take too long. You can ride on the back of mine,” Mike suggested.

“Mike, we’re not twelve anymore,” Will said nervously, eyeing the bike as Mike lifted it. “I don’t know if we’ll fit.”

“Yeah, but this isn’t the same bike I had when I was twelve, either.”

“Oh, how could I forget?” Will laughed. “This is only the super amazing bike that your parents got you for your sixteenth birthday and you talked about it for weeks.”

“Hilarious, Byers,” Mike rolled his eyes again. “Get on.”

Complying, Will gripped Mike’s shoulders as the taller boy pedaled away from the Byers house, away from the road.

“You sure you know where you’re going?” Will said loudly over the wind.

“Yes, *William*,” Mike insisted. “And if I don’t, and we get lost, I brought my Supercom and we can just call Lucas or something.”

“Fine, *Michael*,” Will relented, lapsing into silence.

They rode on for a few minutes longer, then Mike abruptly swerved to a stop. “Sorry,” he apologized before Will could even say anything. “I wasn’t sure if this was it, but it is.”

Will hopped off the bike, Mike grabbing his hand to steady him. “So, what was the surprise?” he asked, fighting to keep his voice steady and ignore Mike’s hand in his.

Mike didn't reply, just tugged at Will's hand and pulled him forward. "Wait," he said suddenly. "Close your eyes."

"Mike," Will sighed fondly, doing as he was told. Mike pulled him forward, then stopped. He hummed under his breath for a moment, sounding considerate, then let out a satisfied huff.

"Okay, Will, you can open your eyes now," he said.

Will did so and his eyes widened. "Mike..." There was a clearing in the forest in front of them, grassy instead of bedraggled and gross, starlight beaming down.

"I found it last week," Mike said softly, voice sounding a little shy. "I know it doesn't really compare to the paints I got you, or Max's skateboard, or Lucas's pencils, or even Dustin's book, but. I, uh, thought you'd like it."

Will just gaped, trying to comprehend this. Mike Wheeler was doing all this for him. For *him*, Will Byers, the screw up, freak, whatever. Mike was doing this for him.

"So," Mike said stutteringly, uncharacteristically nervous, "what do you think?"

"I think it's beautiful," Will said honestly, looking up at him, the starlight reflecting in his eyes and, god, he's waxing the poetic or whatever Lucas calls it. *So are you*. "Thank you so much, Mike."

Suddenly, Mike's arms were wrapped around him and Will's head was tucked comfortably in the crook of his neck. "Happy sixteenth, Will." He pulled away and grabbed Will's hand again, pulling him forward, and that's when the pieces began to click in Will's mind.

+1

"I missed you," Mike mumbled into Will's hair, curling into the smaller boy as Will struggled to sit up on his bed.

"It was one week, Mike," Will laughed. "I was gone for *one week* to go work at a camp."

"But it was a long, boring week for me," Mike complained, sounding like his eight-year-old self for a moment.

El snickered from the doorway. "Wow, Mike, eighteen years old and can't even go seven days without your boyfriend."

"Shut up," Mike blushed, grabbing one of Will's pillows and burying his face in it, still trapping the Byers boy within an embrace.

El just shrugged. "Hey, I think it's cute."

"I also think it's cute," Will agreed, trying to free his arms, "and I definitely think *you're* cute"

Mike grinned into the pillow while El groaned. "You're so sappy," she told them. "It *is* cute, but also gross. You're so *domestic*." She grinned wickedly as she emphasized the last word.

"We're not domestic!" both boys exclaimed at the same time, as they did every time.

"Yes, you are," Joyce called from the living room, and laughs—hers, Hopper's, and Jonathan's—subsequently rang out.

"Thanks, Mom!" Will shouted back.

Eleven laughed. "I'll leave you guys to your reunion now. Jonathan and I are making dinner, and I invited Dustin, Lucas, and Max. Nancy said she and Steve might drop by, too. You've got maybe an hour."

"Thanks, El," Will smiled softly at his sister as she walked back down the hall, waving his hand to shut the door.

Mike shifted to make himself more comfortable, closing his eyes and burrowing into the blankets despite the hot summer weather and pulling Will down with him.

"Hey, Mr. Clingy, is there maybe another reason you're hugging me so much?" Will asked, teasing but also genuinely concerned. Mike wasn't usually this touchy.

"No reason," Mike insisted, discarding the pillow. "I just really

missed you.”

“Well, I missed *you*,” Will replied easily, and Mike shifted again, wrapping his arms around Will’s torso and making a contented noise. Will leaned back against the headboard, feeling Mike’s breathing start to slow, deep and even. He ran his fingers through Mike’s dark hair, smoothing out the tangles in the wavy mess. Mike mumbled something and reached up, gently taking hold of Will’s other hand.

“I can stop,” Will offered, but Mike shook his head and turned slightly, meeting Will’s gaze. Something in his eyes had shifted from the playfulness of before, and were instead open and soft.

“I love you,” Mike told him quietly, face so honest and vulnerable that Will was suddenly on the verge of tears. He’d heard the words before, but it hit him hard every time.

He swallowed the bubble of joy that threatened to pop in his throat and spill over in the form of happy tears. “I love you, too,” he said, smiling down at this beautiful boy who had chosen him above everyone else against all odds.

As if sensing his sentiment, Mike tilted his chin up, and Will complied with the silent signal with no complaints. Pulling Mike up into a sitting position, he drew their mouths together, one hand still in the other boy’s unruly hair, the other hand clasped between Mike’s.

Will closed his eyes as Mike pressed forward, crowding him against the headboard. “I love you,” he said again, and Mike repeated the words against his mouth. Will felt Mike’s hands squeeze his, and it had taken so long but this time, he knew what it meant.

Author's Note:

the timeline:

- i. basically an extension of the hospital scene (november 1983)
- ii. three days after christmas, 1983
- iii. first half of season 2, not long after the scene

from the trailer where will has some vision as his friends and mom watch. late october/early november, 1984

iv. second half of season 2, after the defeat of the monster. november, 1984

v. will's sixteenth birthday, 1987

+ 1. summer of 1989. they're happy and safe, I insist!

comments and kudos are, as always, appreciated.

find me on tumblr, my main is [@fivehargreeves](#) and my writing blog is [@lowriting](#)!